

I just can't take your tears by TheGirlWhoWait

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Dustin Henderson & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-14

Updated: 2018-02-14

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:06:42

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,205

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Everything was dark, there were no stars or trees; nothing around. Eleven loathed the dreams she had, and they usually involved her papa or the Demogorgon. But tonight was neither of those two who visited her, it was Mike. He was curled up on the black floor, looked so sad that Eleven's heart ached. Why was he sad? His friend had come back, had not he? Everything was fine, was not it?

Or

Where El and Mike connect in a dream.

I just can't take your tears

She was exhausted and didn't know where she was. The only reference point he had at that moment was the countless trees, a small lake and the moon.

She sat down in front of the little lake and then, curious to see how she was after all - after breaking into a school, fleeing the man she had spent her life calling "papa", facing a monster conjured from the inverted world and... Well, she had not really understood Mike's sense to touch his lips to hers. It had been a good thing, this was undeniable, but also strange; Was this how you showed that you liked a person? She leaned forward a little, just enough to see herself.

Eleven tilted her head a little to the side, studying herself. The image was clear and depressing. The large deep brown eyes were a sad ornament on the face whose delicate features were covered with dust and blood. The dust was from the roads where she had staggered like a drunken child, and the blood was predominantly hers. And there was the hair. No, the problem was not exactly this: there was no hair and it displeased her immensely.

(And then, three months later, when Hopper had gone to the police station and she was alone at home, Eleven would have the delight of standing in front of a small mirror and admiring herself with charm. To admire the short curls that began to leap out of his head and point all around. The curls were not like his sister's, but they were still beautiful. They were hers.)

The fact is that she wanted to be as beautiful as his sister, the girl with beautiful clear eyes, and in the insecure and naive mind of the twelve-year-old girl whose life had been cherished by cold, calculating scientists, hair was the reason for her beauty. She had no hair, so she was not pretty. But ... Mike, he had said she was beautiful and had said that when she was without a wig. He had not lied, was there? No, Mike didn't lie.

She sank back, exhaustion and confusion overpowering her completely. She was sleepy (she had not slept for three days, she had just walked without a destination), her eyes were barely open, and the darkness of the night didn't seem to counteract the drowsiness that took her by surprise.

She rolled to a safe distance from the lake, she had not fought and survived to much to perish by drowning. When she was with the man she called a papa, she had a sad plush tiger and a threadbare blanket that no longer fit, in Mike Wheeler's house she had won pillows and blankets and now, there at the meeting between the end of the world and nothing, the only thing he had to cling to was the stars and the shiny silver ball called the moon. The stars were beautiful, the moon too ...

Everything was dark, there were no stars or trees; nothing around. Eleven loathed the dreams she had, and they usually involved her papa or the Demogorgon. But tonight was neither of those two who visited her, it was Mike. He was curled up on the black floor, looked so sad that Eleven's heart ached. Why was he sad? His friend had come back, had not he? Everything was fine, was not it?

"Mike?"

The boy raised his head. Her face was stained with blood, he was in a river of tears. She sat next to the Wheeler.

"El? It's you?" He stared at her as if he didn't believe she was even there. "Is this all your blood? You're okay?"

Okay? She was far from being well, but to say that would make him sadder and she didn't want him to be sad. Lying was not a valid choice either, Mike had taught her that friends don't lie, that lies hurt.

"Miss you." Changing the subject was a good choice. Well, at least that's how it seemed to see her.

She waited for a melancholy smile, but the only thing she received was a strangled noise; a painful sob. He was still sad.

"I miss you too, El. I miss you a lot. I didn't know that missing someone could hurt so much." He confessed in a broken voice. "When Will disappears or when Nancy traveled to Florida with Barb and her parents didn't hurt that much."

Mike was hurt, so he was in pain. Eleven didn't want him to feel any pain, he didn't deserve it. Maybe she could help ...

"Hurt? Where?"

The brunette took the girl's hand and carried it to his heart. The organ struck there, hard and incessantly, it was accelerating.

"Nancy once told me that it's here that it hurts when we really miss someone we really like. And, well, she was right when she said that: it's here that it has been hurting the last few days."

It was there that he was hurt? But there was no blood in the region she touched ... she also had pains in that area of her chest, uncomfortable pains that made her breathless, and she had associated it with the effort to end the demogorgon. But what if it was not?

"It hurts, too." She shook the boy's hand. "Much. Really hurts."

"Does your heart hurt?" Nodded. "El..."

The brunette's face twitched as tears fled, sobs kept him from forming sentences coherent enough for Eleven to understand.

"Don't cry, Mike. Don't Cry, please."

But the innocent request only made it worse; The Wheeler continued to cry uncontrollably. She had also cried like this before, she had been in that same state every time Papa had locked her in the dark room. What could she do to make him cry? Eleven simply didn't like to hear him cry.

Without letting go of the sad boy, he laid his head on his shoulder. That was a comforting position.

"Where are you, El? Did you go back to the bad place?" There was a high level of despair in the questioning. "Lucas said you maybe dead,

but I refuse to believe that.”

She took a deep breath. His scent, the smell of a boy, was so pleasing to the senses ...

"I'm not dead." Eleven sighed. "Just... Far, far away from Mike."

"How far?" More despair in the young man's voice. "Do you think you can get home?"

El hesitated, knew the answer could let him sad.

"Days away. I-I don't know where, how to get back." She shrugged as she remembered how angry he could get. "Sorry."

Mike laughed, a lifeless laugh.

"El, you saved me, you saved us all; No need to apologize for anything, I assure you." A moment of silence. "I wanted you to come back ... ELEVEN !? WHERE ARE YOU GOING? ELEVEN! ELEVEN!"

What was he talking about? It was he who was leaving.

"NO! MIKE!" She screamed loudly.

Mike was leaving, leaving her. He was not moving, still holding her hand hard enough to break it and leave the show the desperation he felt. His color, shape faded in the darkness surrounding them. It was as if something was erasing him. He didn't want to go.

"ELEVEN! EL! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? NO, NO, NO ... YOU'RE GOING AGAIN. DON'T GO! PLEASE DON'T GO AGAIN..."

"MIKE!" Calling his name was the only thing she could do at that moment. "MIKE..."

The image of the frail twelve-year-old boy melted away like a magic wand. He was gone, Eleven was alone again. When she woke up, watery eyes, she was still alone, in the middle of nowhere.

Surrounded by trees, she was lost, alone, hurt and missing him.

Michael Wheeler awakened to the world trembling and inconsolable. He had lost her again, once again had let Eleven go. If even in the dream world he could not stay close to her, why in the infamous real world would it be any different?

“Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!”

He punched the pillow with unbridled hatred. He didn’t profile himself as violent (if he did he would not be locked up in the basement with his friends playing Dungeons & Dragons for 19 hours) he was just furious and that was a great way to get it all out without hurting anyone else besides him same. Hurt ... in the dream she was so hurt, so scared, and hungry. Poor El. There was no one; Will had had family and friends to look for him, but he had no one to worry about. Well, he was worried, but what could a skinny nerd of twelve years like he do?

How could Eleven survive in the state he was in? She would perish in a short time, and that would be his fault. He had dragged her into that problem and now she was lost and bruised. He had not helped her, he had left her because of her own fate.

He grunted at the pillow, now strangling him with all the strength he had. Eleven knew how to take care of herself, so much so that she had escaped from the lab in which they held her, but ... At the time she had not been as upset and hungry as she had been in the dream. It seemed that the smallest breeze could knock her down.

“Mike?”

The hope that this was her voice didn’t come even for a millisecond. No. The brunet knew it was Dustin who called him. He also knew that his friend was frightened by the scene he had just witnessed.

"Dude, what did the pillow do to you?"

Mike dropped the object that had been suffering in his hands and looked at his curly-haired friend.

"The pillow was ... kind of hard, very uncomfortable. I'll ask my mother to change. I could have had neck pain, you know?"

He sat on the bed and watched his friend follow suit as he sat on the mattress where he had been sleeping.

"We need to talk, man."

"About what?"

But he knew the subject.

"Eleven, Mike, Eleven."

Mike shrugged at the name of the girl he had dreamed of. No, not the name; the scientific register. What was her real name?

(Later, during one of his visits to the house where El and Hopper lived, he would discover that her name was Jane Ives, and that, when Hawkins's society was introduced, it would be Jane Hopper. Jane. It was a beautiful name, almost as beautiful as she; but it was also a name that Mike could not get used to. Not out of stubbornness, but out of habit, he would continue to call her El, sometimes Elle, but very rarely for Jane. For him El would always be El, regardless of the name with which she had been registered in the notary's office.)

"Eleven, the number? The eleventh issue of geometry activity?"

"Nope, dumbass. We are going to talk about Eleven, the girl with super powers by whom you are in love." Mike didn't blush at the statement, doing that would be very futile. "You don't deny it. But come on, this is serious talk. Eleven, she..."

He stared at Dustin sternly.

"She's not dead!" Mike exclaimed, his voice hard as steel. "She is not

dead."

"I didn't say she was dead, did I? We all hope you're not, don't we?"

Mike studied his friend.

"I know she's not dead." He said firmly. "I dreamed of her; Eleven was bruised but alive. She's just... lost."

"It's like you said: *you dreamed*. Dreams are dreams, dude. This is just your passionate imagination creating an illusion."

He lay back on the bed, his eyes fixed on the ceiling. He didn't want to see Dustin's incredulous face when he heard what he had to say.

"It was not just a dream. I know it's weird to say it, but it was not just a dream." He remembered to take her hand to his own heart, to feel the warmth of her hand. "I felt her presence, it was real. It was as if she was really close to me."

A few minutes passed before a dignified response was answered.

"Dreams usually look real, Mike. However, if we consider the vastness of her powers, it would not be at all difficult for her to connect her dreams to yours. It's just a theory, understand this: Eleven may have extended a telekinetic round around you both, created a connection that no distance can separate. *IS SELLING!*"

The exclamation startled the one who had been listening so intently to Dustin's words.

"That's what I meant. The girl has super powers; she defeated the demogorgon, man! Eleven will be fine, wherever she is. Your girlfriend can handle and survive anything with the powers she has. Don't worry so much. Eleven is lost and so she can use her powers and POW! Back to you. She'll be back."

Mike wanted so badly to believe that, but the downside of his being didn't allow that to happen. Something told him that Eleven would not be seen again anytime soon.

Surrounded by friends and family, he was at home, alone, worried

and homesick for her.

The world was not fair to twelve-year-olds like those two.